PART V EIGHT PAGES

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1916

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little girl. "If they see you they will fire

"Very well, then," said the Emperor.

"For your sake, I will lie down while you

are with me, but now you must let me

take you home. Where is your house?"

a house," she said. "First the Germans

shelled our village. Then they took it,

and the French shelled it. Then the

English came and shelled the Germans

out of it. Now, all three of them shell

it. Our house has been struck seven

times, and our cowhouse nineteen times,

And, just fancy, not even the cow was

killed. My papa says it has cost 25,000

francs to knock down our cowhouse. He

"Ich habe es nicht gewollt," said the

is very proud of it."

The little girl laughed. "We haven't

THE EMPEROR AND THE LITTLE

TT WAS one of those nights when you feel nervous and think you see people in the shadows, or even thosts, because, though there was a noon, it kept going in and out the clouds, and a lot of clouds kept scurrying across the sky, some so thite that you could see the moon through them, others like brown feathers that just dimmed her, and some big, dark ones that you knew would blacken out the moon altogether when they caught her. Some people get frightened on such nights and keep indoors in the light and warmth, where they are not alone, and the night is shut out by the curtains, but others find themselves very restless, and want to go out and wander about and watch the moon. They like the dark because they an imagine all sorts of things about the places they cannot see, and fancy that wonderful kinds of people will come out of the blacknesses and have adventures

with them.

On this particular night it was not half so dangerous to be out in the dark s it had been that afternoon to be out in the light, because it was in one of the places where the English and the French are fighting the Germans. In the daytime every one had to hide in the trenches. If they showed their heads for a moment-bang! they were shot. There were curtains hung to prevent you from crossing certain fields; only these curtains were not like window curtains; they were really showers of bombshells bursting and digging great holes in the ground and blowing people and cattle and trees all to bits; so the; were called fire curtains. At night there were no fire curtains, and the soldiers who sat up all night watching to shoot you could not see you so easily. Still, it was dangerous enough to prevent you imagining ghosts and robbers. Instead, you could not help thinking about the shells and bullets, and about all the dead and wounded men who were still lying where they had been shot. It is not surprising that there was nobody walking about to enjoy the moonlight and to look at the fireworks. For there were fireworks. From time to time the men who were watching to shoot sent up shells that dropped a bright star in the sky and lit up quite plainly everything and everybody that was in sight on the ground. When this happened all the men who were stealing about spying on the enemy, or looking for wounded men, or putting up barbed wire fences to protect their trenches, fell flat on their faces and pretended to be dead until the star went out.

Just a little after half-past 11, in a place where no men were stealing about, and the star shells were all too far off to how the ground very distinctly, somebody came stalking along in a strange manner, for he was not looking for wounded, nor spying, nor doing any of things that the soldiers did; he was only wandering about stopping and then going on again, but never stopping to pick up anything. Sometimes, when a star shell came so near that you could see him pretty plainly, he stopped and stood very stiffly upright, and folded his arms. When it was dark again he walked on with a curious, striding step, the the step of a very proud man, and let he had to walk slowly and carefully, ecause the ground was all blown into Treat hollows and pits by the bombshells; besides, he might have tripped wer a dead soldier. The reason he carried himself so stiffly and haughtily was that he was the German Emperor. If he came at a certain angle between you and the moon or a star shell you could the end of his turned-up mustache, lust as you see it in the pictures. But

mostly you could not see him at all, for what with the clouds and most of the star shells being so far off, you very seldom saw anything until your eyes had become used to the dark, and not even then until you were very close up.

It was so dark that, though the Emperor walked very carefully, he stumbled into a great pit, called a crater, made by a mine that had been blown up, and very nearly pitched head foremost to the bottom of it. But he saved himself by clutching at something. He thought it was a tuft of grass, but it was a Frenchman's beard, and the Frenchman was dead. Then the moon came out for a moment, and the Emperor saw that quite a number of soldiers, some French and some German, had been blown up by that mine, and were lying about in the crater. It seemed to him that they were all staring at him.

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Illustrations by Boardman Robinson

"It is not my doing," said the Emperor helplessly, when the little girl put questions-Shavian questions-to him. The little girl, of course, was but one of the waifs of the War Zone; the Emperor was the Kaiser; and they met at night, between the lines, and talked. It is a subject and a situation for the great British satirist to revel in, and perhaps as you read it the thought will come that the Kaiser himself is but a child, for all his hapless majesty; as lacking in understanding as was she who found freedom in the bursting of a shell.

a little girl, and she was much too young to be up at a quarter to twelve in the middle of the night. The clinking and squeaking was because she was carrying a tin can. And she was crying, not loudly, but just whimpering. When she a Boche," said the Emperor, severely. "That is very, very wrong."

"No," said the little girl, "it is quite right, I assure you. An English soldier is a Tommy, and a French soldier is a Hairy, and a German soldier is a Boche.

"The Tommy said there was. He said it was a great, big bear that boiled little children in his inside after eating them."

"The English never tell the truth," said the Emperor.

"He was very kind at first," said the little girl, beginning to cry again. "I don't think he would have said it if he didn't believe it, unless the pain of his wound made him fancy things like bears."

"Don't cry," said the Emperor. "He was not unkind; they were all afraid you would be wounded like themselves, and wanted you to go home so as to be out of danger."

"Oh, I'm quite used to shells," said the little girl. "I go about at night giving water to the wounded, because my father was left lying out for five nights, and suffered dreadfully from thirst."

"Ich habe es nicht gewollt," said the

Emperor, coming all over bad again. When he felt better he said, "And where do you live now?" "Anywhere we can," said the ght.

"Oh, it is quite easy; you soon get used to it. What are you? Are you stretcher bearer?"

"No, my child," said the Emperor; "I am what is called a Kaiser." "I did not know there was more than

one," said the little girl.

"There are three," said the Kaiser.

"Do they all have to turn their mustaches up" said the little girl.

"No," said the Kaiser. "They are allowed to wear beards when their mustaches won't turn up."

"They should put them in curl papers like I do with my hair at Easter," said the little girl. "What does a Kaiser do? Does he fight, or does he pick up the wounded?"

"He doesn't exactly do anything," said the Emperor. "He thinks."

"What does he think" said the girl. who, like all young things, knew so little about people that when she met them she had to ask them a great many questions, and was sometimes told not to be inquisitive, though her mother usually said, "Ask no questions, and you'll be told no lies."

"If the Kaiser were to tell, that wouldn't be thinking, would it?" said the

"I suppose not," said the little drl. "But, anyhow, what are you doing here so late when you are not wounded?"

"Will you promise not to tell anybody if I tell you?" said the Emperor. "It's a

"I promise faithfully," said the girl. "Please do tell me. I love secrets."

"Then," said the Emperor, "I had to tell all my soldiers this morning that I was very sorry I could not go into the trenches and fight under fire as they do, and that the reason was, I had to think so hard for them all; that if I were killed they would not know what to do and they would all be beaten and killed."

"That was very naughty of you," said the little girl, "for it wasn't true, you know, was it? When my uncle was killed another man just stepped into his place, and the battle went on just as if nothing had happened. I think they might have stopped just for a minute, but they didn't. If you were killed, wouldn't somebody step into your place?"

"Yes," said the Emperor; "my son

"Then why did you tell them such an awful fib?" said the little girl.

"I was made to," said the Emperor. "That is what a Kaiser is for, to be made get up and say things that neither he nor any one else believes. I saw it in the faces of some of the men to-day that they didn't believe me, and thought I was a coward making excuses. So when the night came I went to bed and pretended to go asleep, but, when they were

My mother calls them like that. Every-Emperor, feeting very sick again. body does. One of the Boches wears "Are you a Boche?" said the little spectacles and is like a college teacher. girl; for the Emperor had spoken to her The other has been lying out for two before in French. "You speak French very well, but I thought you were Eng-

ARE YOU A BOCHE?" SAID THE LITTLE GIRL

The Emperor had a dreadful shock. Before he could think of what he was doing he said to the dead men the German words, "Ich habe es nicht gewollt," which means, in English, "It is not my doing," or "I never intended to," or, sometimes, "It wasn't me"-just what you say when you are scolded for doing something wrong. Then he scrambled out of the pit and walked away from it in another direction. But his inside felt so bad that he had to sit down when he had gone only a little way. At least he could have gone on if he had tried, but an ammunition case which lay in his path was so convenient to sit on that he thought he would rest until he felt bet-

The next thing that happened was very surprising, for a brown thing came out of the darkness, and he would have taken it for a dog if it had not clinked and squeaked as well as made footsteps. When it came nearer he saw that it was saw the Emperor she was not a bit frightened or surprised; she only stopped crying with a great sniff and sob, and said: "I am sorry, but all my water is gone."

"What a pity!" said the Emperor, who was accustomed to children. "Are you very, very thirsty? I have a flask, you see, but I'm afraid what is in it would be too strong for you to drink."

"I don't want to drink," said the little girl, quite surprised. "Don't you? Aren't you wounded?"

"No," said the Emperor. "What are vou crying for?"

The little girl almost began to cry again. "The soldiers were very unkind to me," she said, going closer up to the Emperor and leaning against his knee. "There are four of them in a mine crater over there. There is a Tommy and a Hairy and two Boches."

"You must not call a German soldier

nights. None of them can move. They are very bad. I gave them water, and at first they thanked me and prayed that God would bless me, except the college teacher. Then a shell came, and, though it was quite far off, they drove me away and said that if I didn't go straight home as fast as I could a bear would come out of the wood and eat me and my father would beat me with a strap. The college teacher told them out loud that they were softies and that I didn't matter, but he whispered to me to go home quickly. May I stay with you, please? My father would not beat me, I know, but I am afraid of the bear."

"You may stay with me," said the Emperor, "and I will not let the bear touch you. There really isn't any bear."

"Are you sure?" said the little girl.

sides will try to shoot you." The Emperor gave a queer little laugh, and the moon came out and showed him to the girl more plainly than before. "You have a nice cloak and your uniform is very clean," she said. "How can you keep it so clean when you have to lie down in the dirt when a star shell shines?"

"I am half English," said the Empe-

"That's funny," said the little girl.

"You must be very careful, for both

lish."

"I do not lie down. I stand up. That is how I keep my uniform clean," said

"But you mustn't stand up," said the

all gone, I got up and stole out here by